

crowded about his horse's head, these were enough. The cold glitter lay deadly and still and viper-like in his eyes.

"I am hungry," he cried in lordly insolence. "Let these old men tend the pots and kettles. Hereafter they who do the fighting will do the talking." He swerved his horse, a vicious, fiery mustang, and scattered the elders headlong before the dancing hoofs. Much of hoary dignity sulked in the huts the rest of that day.

Riding thus into the council circle, the war lord of the Yaquis leaped to the ground beside the litter and its burden, and raised his hand, and the tribe gathered round him. He bared his white teeth as he spoke, and the glittering viper eyes held every Yaqui there.

He had gone to the enemy's capital city, he said, neither as prisoner nor guest. As victor he had gone. To his enemy's teeth he had said what the Yaquis must have. He had spoken as the Lone Oak had counselled him to speak. To the president in his palace he had spoken. Let the tribe say, then, if it would have, or would not have, the peace he brought. He brought them their valley, their sierra, their homes. He brought them farms, grazing lands, metal-bearing ledges, hunting grounds. He brought them all they fought for, and more. If they wanted that for which they fought, let them take it. If their enemy did not keep faith, they could always fight again. But as sign of the Mexican's faith, he brought the banished kinsmen. While whips cracked over them, while they were going into the slave-ships, the president's word came and changed all that. But if the tribe wanted nothing of peace, then must farewells